

"PEACE," "8-HOURS" WIN CHICAGO WOMEN VOTERS TO WILSON

(Continued from First Page.)

reason that because he had kept us out of war," the little old lady said. "I was amazed when my sister told me she had registered and was going to vote. Such a thing was never done in my family before. My sister is a woman of property, and her friends are well-to-do."

A young sister, married, whom I discussed the situation, and who is a staunch adherent of Hughes, remarked with wondering regret that so many of her friends were for Wilson and she couldn't understand. There is a difference in the very tone of voice used by the Wilsonites and the Hughes partisans. The woman who is going to cast her vote for the President proclaims the fact with pride and satisfaction, and almost invariably adds: "Most other women will vote for Wilson." The partisan of Hughes admits the fact with a sort of dogged, lost-cause defiance. And when pressed she, too, remarks, albeit in doleful tones: "I guess most of the women are for Wilson."

In one of the "down-town" towns which, I was told in Chicago, was "going for Hughes," I found plenty of Wilson sentiment, particularly among the working women. There, too, the members of the Hughes contingent were defeated but by no means hopeful.

REASONS THAT SWAY WOMEN'S VOTES

Of course, the Democratic women may be riding for a fall; the Hughes women may have built better than they knew. But the only optimism I found among the latter was the shop-window sort exhibited at the official Republican Headquarters. Even the men believe that "Wilson has got the women." A gray-haired, keen-eyed dame in charge of the newstand in one of the big office buildings—one of the few women I discovered who cheerfully proclaimed she isn't going to vote and has no interest in either candidate—said to me: "The men all say the same thing; that the women will vote for Wilson and spoil the election."

The reason the working woman is going to vote for Wilson is his advocacy of the eight-hour day. The reason the teacher and social worker are for him is his advocacy of the Child Labor Law. The reason all sorts and conditions of women are for him is the much belated but eminently efficacious argument, "He has kept us out of war."

You may call that argument sentiment, cowardly, fallacious—any hard name you choose—but the ordinary, simple woman, with the ordinary, simple emotions, remembers that her husband or her son might be lying white and cold, motionless on a French plain or a Mexican desert if Woodrow Wilson hadn't somehow succeeded where almost every other great civilized ruler has failed. And there's no particular reason for this ordinary, simple woman about the "dominant Americanism" of Mr. Hughes.

Here, then, are the bona fide conversations I have had with women voters, as many as I could reach in the time at my disposal. I think it is fair to assume that the individual points of view are truly representative of large groups.

WORKING WOMEN TELL REASONS.

Elizabeth Maloney is a waitress; a square-faced, square-bodied, competent, pleasant woman with shrewd, bright eyes.

"The reason I am going to vote for Wilson," she told me with a firm set of her thin lips and strong chin, "is because he put through the Clayton bill. As a member of the waitresses' union I know what government by injunction means; that a tool it is for oppression in the hands of the rich. There are seven hundred Chicago women in my union, and we have been enjoined from entering at least a dozen restaurants, right here in this city—restaurants in which we had not dreamed of calling a strike, against which we had made no move whatever. We may not pass their doors. We may not exchange the least word with one of the women workers, far less attempt to organize them."

"It is because Woodrow Wilson is responsible for the Clayton act becoming a law; because by that one move he showed he sympathized with the men and women who work; that he was opposed to the legal cards which the employer class play in an attempt to keep us from making a fight for our rights, that I am for Woodrow Wilson, and that he is going to get my vote."

A tall, slender, yellow-haired woman, with the light of humor brightening her rather plain face, is Miss Mary McAnany, a binder.

"For whom will you vote?" I asked.

"Wilson," she informed me, with a flash of her blue eyes.

"Why?" I questioned.

SHE'S FOR WILSON AS SUFFRAGIST.

"Am for Wilson," she said, "if for no other reason because of his attitude on the question of suffrage. I know he is an honestly convinced suffragist, that he believes in giving women the vote, and that he does not say he believes in it because such an expression is politically expedient. Wilson was for suffrage before ever it became a campaign issue."

"He went to New Jersey and voted for it before he had even been re-nominated. I know that Wilson would like to make the granting of suffrage to women a Federal matter, but he is not so foolish as to say he is for something which he cannot put through just at present."

"Hughes says he thinks the central Government should give votes to

all women, but he doesn't say how he will force Congress to bring it about. He doesn't say, because he knows that such a procedure is an impossibility. And he never was for suffrage, never felt any interest in the subject—was, if anything, opposed to votes for women until he became a candidate. His alleged conversion is purely political, and I, for one, feel it is nothing more than skin-deep."

"I know that shortly after Mr. Hughes' nomination Mrs. Hughes remarked" (a note of languid superciliousness tinged with McAnany's voice, while her blue eyes twinkled) "that 'really she supposed she would have to be for suffrage, now that her husband was a candidate, but she never had favored it because she couldn't see that protected women needed the vote!'"

"There are some millions of women in the United States who are not protected, but who nevertheless may assume some importance in Hughes' eyes about Nov. 7," Miss McAnany concluded, rather grimly. "I represent a thousand of such women in my union, and I can assure you that their votes will go to Woodrow Wilson."

I went into a school in the First Ward. I cannot give its name or the names of the teachers with whom I talked, because the principal said that he and his must not be "mixed up in politics." The first teacher I met is going to vote for Hughes.

"One reason that I am for him is that I despise the sensational and exaggerated methods of his opponents," she said, her lip curling. "There is this poster that has been put out in Chicago: 'Do you want your son to go to war? He will go if Mr. Hughes is elected.' That is perfectly absurd, you know."

Maybe it is, but I had just been reading Mr. Roosevelt's Auditorium speech of the night before, and I wondered if the absurdity was palpable to all Republicans.

"I think we need a man of strength and dignity and firmness at the head of our nation, and I believe Mr. Hughes is the man," she teacher concluded.

"BEST PRESIDENT SINCE LINCOLN."

"I am for Mr. Wilson because he is a good and great man," another little teacher in blue told me. "What he did about child labor was so fine. I can't help feeling that he's as much interested in suffrage as Mr. Hughes is."

In one of the rooms upstairs a slender, brown-eyed young woman, with rough dark hair and a flashing smile, had placed Wilson's picture under Lincoln's, framing the two with crossed American flags.

"Wilson is the best President since Lincoln," she asserted, with flaming eagerness. "He has put through the Clayton bill, and he has kept us out of war. He is a friend of the poor man and woman, the person who never will be very rich, or very clever, and who must work hard all his life. I believe that Wilson wants to give the everyday person fair play. Why else did he stand for the eight-hour law? The country is safe and prosperous, and I don't see why we should experiment with a new President."

The teacher across the hall, an older woman and apparently a more controlled one, flung forth like a challenge the answer to my question: "Are you going to vote this fall?"

"I am," she exclaimed.

"And for whom?"

"ADMIT WILSON FOR HIS WONDERFUL COURAGE."

"For Wilson," the faded blue eyes gleamed. "Because he is a great man, a brave man, a man who has the backbone, and that's why I shall vote for him."

"I think he has shown the most

"Has Given New Hope and Faith To Workers All Over the Country"

"And whom will you vote for? And why?" I asked Miss Elizabeth Christman. She is a glove worker and one of the most beautiful women I have met in Chicago. Her eyes are big and brown, her face a flawless oval, her figure rounded and well proportioned.

"If I had no other reason for voting for Wilson," she replied in a smooth contralto, "I would try to do my part to re-elect him because of his splendid courage in standing up for the eight-hour day. I think he is the bravest man in America today. How can anybody call him a coward or a weakling when he sat

there in the White House and faced down the richest and most powerful men in this country in defense of a principle in which he believed?"

"What other President has done such a thing? Against him were not merely the railroad presidents, but all the great employers of labor, all the rich manufacturers, all the bankers and capitalists, all the forces of money in this country. He has many plain Americans without money were not on the President's side. Many had the wool pulled over their eyes by the money more than by the honesty of the community whom they had brought up to respect. And yet President Wilson put his back to the wall and said: 'The eight-hour day for workers is the right thing. The just thing, the thing which ought to go through. I stand for it!'"

"Oh, it was splendid," Miss Christman's dark eyes shone. "It took as much courage than any mere declaration of war. It has given new hope and faith to workers all over the country, both men and women, and that's why Wilson gets my vote."

EIGHT-HOUR LAW WINS HER VOTE.

"I have railroad men in my family," Miss Mary Haley told me, simply. She is one of the older women with whom I talked; a garment worker, rather pale and thin and hollow-eyed. "I am for Wilson because he is for the eight-hour day. You see, I am what the fourteen and sixteen-hour day means."

"My brother has been worked fourteen hours a day by the railroad, which employed him. I have seen him come home so tired out that he could hardly lift his head. Railroad work is worse than any other. In addition to the labor there is the exhausting responsibility, the burden of so many lives hanging on your own endurance and clear-headedness. It's awful to work railroad men more than eight hours. Morning after morning my brother had to get up at half-past four to go to his job. Year in and year out there was no let-up, no Sunday, no holidays. They allowed the married men to stay at home on Christmas and the unmarried men to take New Year's Day. That was all."

"Don't you believe them, when they tell you that? They say they won't bring an eight-hour day, but just an increase in wages. When the railroads find they have to pay a wage, they will overtake them they'll arrange that men shall work only their regular eight hours."

"The railroads are not paying wages for fun. In every trade the regular, recognized method of shortening hours is to increase the pay for overtime. There's precious little of it when the employers have to dip into their pockets for the extra price."

"I know the Adamson bill applies to one trade only. But the position taken by President Wilson has shown that he has a tremendous influence in all branches of industry. More and more employers are going to accept the eight-hour standard. What President Wilson said and did for it will prove, I believe, the opening wedge which will gradually enforce an eight-hour day."

"I consider that plenty of iron in my blood is the secret of my great strength, power and endurance."

Among all the prominent figures of the prize ring, probably none is so devoted to family life as Jess Willard. After each engagement the champion hurries to his wife and children and remains at their side until public demand forces him to leave for new encounters. Everything is done to bring up the "Little Willards" with strong healthy bodies. Mr. Willard accounts for his own success by saying:—

"I consider that plenty of iron in my blood is the secret of my great strength, power and endurance."

food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it. It becomes weak, pale and sickly looking. Just like a plant trying to grow in soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test:—

See how long you can work, or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. In some cases men of nervous, run-down people who were ailing, all the while doubling their strength and endurance and entirely getting rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of debility, as well as for nervous, run-down people. In fact, it is the only iron that has been found to be so easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prize fighter has

won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he stepped into the arena, while many another man has gone to an ignominious defeat simply for the lack of iron. Dr. Sauer, M. D.

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day for all men and all women workers."

REPUBLICAN MOTHERS IN BIG WILSON CLUB.

Politically speaking the Thirty-third Ward is one of the most interesting places in Chicago. It is normally a Republican ward.

Yet they have a "Mothers' Wilson Club" with a membership of two hundred and thirty women, two-thirds of whom belong to Republican families. Every woman is pledged to vote for Wilson on the 7th of November.

The emblem of the club is a poster, displaying side by side two contrasting pictures. In the one called "The Mother at the Sewing Machine" a woman sits at a living-room table. She has her sewing, he is busy with his books and the evening lamp illumines the corner of the room. In the other picture, the mother sits alone, her face worn and grief-stricken; projected behind her is a picture of a man in a military uniform, with her son lying in a coffin.

"I know the mother who has a son in the military service. It's almost a picture of a man in a military uniform, with her son lying in a coffin. I know the mother who has a son in the military service. It's almost a picture of a man in a military uniform, with her son lying in a coffin."

I talked with several mother-members of the club. Mrs. Frederick D. Brett told me, "because we mothers have been spared the pangs of seeing our boys in the military service, we are more sympathetic toward the women of this generation are made of different stuff. We love our children and we don't want to give them up unless we must."

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"The German-Americans whom I know, and who put the emphasis on the American part of their title, are for Mr. Wilson."

Another member of the club, Mrs. Bernard McDevitt, who lives at No. 148 Central Avenue, has four children, two sons and two daughters. The sons are in early manhood, just the age when they might be called upon to become a part of the nation's defense.

SHE IS FOR WILSON BECAUSE OF PEACE.

"I am for Wilson because my boys are alive and not dead," said Mrs. McDevitt. "There's nothing in this bearing children and sending them away to battle and having them come home, if they come at all, with an empty sleeve or weakened by fever. I believe I am a good patriot and I have brought up my children to be patriotic. But I want them to live for their country instead of dying for it. Of course, if it is ever necessary to fight to defend the nation, we shall do it. But if we had gone to war with Mexico, it seems to me we would simply have been fighting to defend the money we must have invested. I know that a hundred years ago women were supposed to be willing for their sons to fight at the drop of the hat. But I think that the women of this generation are made of different stuff. We love our children and we don't want to give them up unless we must."

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vote for him. And other people will tell you the same thing."

The woman adherent of Hughes, whom I found selling brushes